

Art Class

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup, Snotlout

Status: Completed

Published: 2013-03-02 05:45:12

Updated: 2013-03-02 05:45:12

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:36:48

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 794

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Hiccup, Astrid and Snotlout are using clay in art class, and Snotlout begins making gibes at Hiccup and flirting with Astrid. Modern AU. One-shot.

Art Class

****A/N:** This is something me and my sister actually role-played. We were playing with some Play-Doh (even though we're kind of too old for it...but you're never too old for Play-Doh!) and I said something about how it would be more fun if we were characters, like Hiccup and stuff and she just started talking in a pretty good imitation of Snotlout, so I joined her as Hiccup and occasionally Astrid making scathing comments about Snotlout. So we kind of got into it, and there was a lot of crap my sister spewed as Snotlout before this but I couldn't remember a lot of it. I only wrote it down later. Anyway, hope you enjoy!**

* * *

><p>"See? I made Astrid's kissable lips."<p>

With some difficulty, Hiccup refrained from saying anything.

Astrid flicked a large hunk of pink clay onto the lips Snotlout had made, which actually weren't bad.

"Oh, you have a blister there," Snotlout joked, peeling the hunk off. He proceeded to roll two other white pieces into a ball, stick some green dots on them, and place them above her lips.

"See? I also made your eyes, dearest."

"My eyes are blue," Astrid pointed out, leaning over to inspect the "unfortunately rather good" eyes.

"It doesn't matter," Snotlout said impatiently, leaning towards Hiccup. "Could _you _make anything better, Hiccup? Probably not."

They were sitting in the back of the art classroom at a table for three.

Hiccup had snagged his chair and his girlfriend, Astrid, had taken the seat next to him, but unfortunately the school's world-class jerk and best athlete on the basketball team had taken it upon himself to join them and continually hit on Astrid.

"You need a _real man, _Astrid," Snotlout continued. "Hiccup isn't one. A _real man _would make you out of clay, the way I did." He pointed to the eyes and lips.

Hiccup rolled his eyes. Unable to resist, he rolled a large ball of clay up and held it up for their inspection. "Look. It's Snotlout's ego."

"Please," Astrid said, "his ego wouldn't have been able to fit through the door."

Snotlout wasn't listening; he was now creating a volcano out of some brown clay he had found. "See? This is me!" He featured a small figure walking around the volcano. Then he brought on another, slimmer figure. "And this is Astrid!" He picked her up and made her sit on top of the volcano, crying, "Save me, Snotlout!"

Astrid glared as Snotlout featured his own clay figure swooping her up in his arms. "See? That's what a _real man _could do for you, Astrid! That's why you need a _real man!"_

Hiccup didn't seem to care; he was actually enjoying himself. Art class was one of the many classes he liked in school.

Next, Snotlout made a "love shack" for himself and Astrid.

Astrid promptly reached over and mashed it to a pulp.

Hiccup poked a few holes in a bit of clay, then set it to one side to work on something else.

Snotlout then reached over and crushed the clump Hiccup had been working on, using his beefy fist.

Hiccup drew back slightly, then leaned forward to begin work on it again, mumbling, "Well done, Snotlout. Bet you were the bully, even back in preschool."

Snotlout said, "At least I made a name for myself, instead of crying in the corner all the time!"

Next, he made a very large ball and a tiny one. Pointing to the big one, he said, "Look! This is my manliness! Andâ€|" Here he pointed to the smaller one, "â€|this is Hiccup's!"

Hiccup rolled his eyes.

Astrid was impressed by her boyfriend's resilience. She had seen

Hiccup sink to Snotlout's level a few times, but then again, Snotlout deserved it whenever it happenedâ€|

"You know the worst thing about Snotlout's ego?" Hiccup mumbled out of the corner of his mouth. "It doesn't bruise."

Astrid snickered.

"It does," said a thoroughly stung Snotlout.

Next second, he was pounding on a thick piece of bright pink clay. "This will be Hiccup!" he announced, holding up the piece, which had many holes in it. "After I'm finished with him!" He twisted the poor thing for emphasis. "A crying, sobbing mass!"

Hiccup decided he needed to get out of there, and take Astrid with them before they suffocated from Snotlout's ego taking up all the space.

He noticed two empty chairs beside Fishlegs. "Hey, 'Legs!" he whispered, tapping on the boy's shoulder. "Mind if we join you?"

Fishlegs shook his head. "Come right in."

Smiling in relief, the two sat down.

End
file.